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## DR. FUNK HAS SPOOK PICTURES

LIKE LUTHER MARSH, BUT SAYS HE IS NOT BUNCEOED THEREBY.

They Were Acquired for Investigation—He Has Been in Negotiation With the Bangs Sisters, Chicago Mediums Who Produce Such Art Works—This Revealed in a Row Over Mrs. Pepper, Whom an Anti-Fraud Society Calls Fakier.

There is trouble, large chunks of it, among the spiritualists, with Mrs. Mary Pepper, medium and pastor of the First Spiritualist Church of Brooklyn as the focus. The believers, the fervent unbelievers and the scientific investigators are all in it. In a wild pamphlet of secret authorship, professing to come from the "Bangs Sisters," it is charged that Mrs. Pepper is all kinds of a fakier and that the Rev. Dr. Isaac Funk, scientific investigator and author of "The Widow's Mite," is her dupe. Incidental to all this it is declared by persons on both sides of the controversy that Dr. Funk has been buying "spirit portraits" in Chicago.

A medium and one of the unbelievers collaborate in the tale about Dr. Funk's spirit portraits. Dr. Funk himself said last night that so far as he knew he hadn't been bunceoed by anybody, but he had some pictures which he was using in his investigation of spiritualism.

One story told among the spiritualists yesterday about Dr. Funk's practical interest in spirit pictures was that it dated from a visit he paid last December to Miss Margaret Gault, the medium, at her home, 287 West 113th street. In private life Miss Gault is Mrs. A. T. Riedinger. Her husband's first wife died several years ago, after sixteen years of uninterrupted happiness in the married state, according to Miss Gault, and Mr. Riedinger was distracted with grief.

In searching for a means by which he might communicate again with her spirit Mr. Riedinger ran across May and Lizzie Bangs of Chicago, who had attained some fame as the painters of spirit pictures, and they produced for him a picture of his wife, which, as he described it, was "not painted by human hands."

This identical picture, now hanging in a room on the second floor of the Riedinger home, it represents a good looking woman of about twenty-six, with dark hair and blue eyes. To the material eye it looks like any fairly good portrait executed by the hand of a human being.

Miss Gault says that on a visit to her Dr. Funk displayed a lively interest in the subject of spirit pictures. Before he left he viewed the portrait of the first Mrs. Riedinger. He seemed to be much impressed with it, and when he learned the circumstances under which it was produced he asked how he could get into communication with the Bangs sisters. He also made inquiries as to their personal character.

Miss Gault was unable to furnish the address of the mediums, but Dr. Funk said that he could communicate with them through J. P. Francis, the editor of a spiritualistic paper, at 40 Loomis street, Chicago. Miss Gault declined to give an estimate of the character of the sisters.

Mr. Riedinger was in the room when Dr. Funk saw the spirit picture. So Miss Gault said that Dr. Funk at that time received several messages from the world beyond which seemed to convince him beyond a doubt that the portrait was the work of spirits.

Afterward, Miss Gault says, she received a letter from Dr. Funk saying that he was going West to investigate the subject they had discussed. Still later, she says, she received another letter from him asking if she could suggest suitable apartments in New York where the Bangs sisters could be housed and pursue their work of spirit painting. To this she replied that she had no room to spare in her own house and that she knew of no apartments which would meet the needs of the Chicago mediums.

Since then, Miss Gault says, she has had three engagements with Dr. Funk to talk over the work of the sisters, but he has not been able to keep any of them.

Mr. Riedinger showed the portrait of his first wife to a SUN reporter yesterday, and the reverential manner in which he spoke of it led to the belief that he valued it above all his earthly possessions. Speaking of the circumstances under which it was produced, he said that he had been present at the operation, the two mediums, himself and another witness.

The portrait is partly done in water colors and partly in pastel. Mr. Riedinger says it is an exact reproduction of his first wife in a dress she had not worn in many years and of which there was nothing left when the picture was painted, except a scrap in a crazy quilt then in possession of a relative. He had never seen the mediums before, he said, and as far as he knows they had never seen his wife. He admitted that he had a photograph of her in his hands while the portrait was being produced, but said he held it in such a way that the mediums could not see it.

The spirit picture looks remarkably like a reproduction of this photograph.

This is Mr. Riedinger's description of the operation: Two sheets of heavy paper were set face to face and laid on the table while he and his friend and the mediums sat around. At the end of twenty-seven minutes there were three distinct knocks on the table. One of the mediums separated the sheets of paper and, lo, on the bottom one was the portrait of his first wife.

"How much did it cost?" asked the reporter.

"Thirty dollars," said Mr. Riedinger, "and I assure you I could not get one painted so well by human hands for ten times that price."

A person who is no friend to spiritualistic believers volunteered to the reporter the statement that since seeing the Riedinger portrait Dr. Funk had insisted a pretty good sum in spirit portraits, which he bought from two mediums in Chicago.

Dr. Funk, when seen at his home in Brooklyn, denied that he had any pictures which he was convinced were manifestations of spirit influence. He did have in his library, the doctor said, certain pictures which purported to be spirit portraits, but he pointed out distinctly understood that he wasn't a confirmed advocate of spiritual-

## CROKER SAILS TO-DAY.

Purposefully Hid the Date of His Going to Avoid a Parting Ceremony.

Richard Croker will sail to-day for Europe in the "Tunari" line steamship Campanian. He will leave the ship at Queensdown and will go from there to the new home he has bought near Dublin. He will be accompanied by his niece, Mrs. Stella Bowman, who since he has lived on the other side of the Atlantic has taken care of his home there.

It was learned last night that Mr. Croker's two sons, Richard and Herbert, will pass the summer with their father. Mr. Croker was at the Democratic Club yesterday for the greater part of the afternoon. While he was there he met many of his friends, including John Fox, Randolph Guggenheimer and Andrew Freedman. They wanted him to visit the club again in the evening to give the members an opportunity to wish him good-by, but Mr. Croker would not listen to the suggestion.

A week ago he purposely intimated that he would not leave for the other side until the middle of March at the earliest so that nothing should be arranged in the way of ceremony to mark his going away.

It can be stated that Mr. Croker will leave a message for his friends, but this will be made public until long after the Campanian is out of sight of Fire Island.

In taking this course Mr. Croker explained last night that he was only adhering to the position he has taken from the time he arrived here. He will say not a single word which might tend to give rise to any thought that he is not adhering to his often repeated statement that he is out of politics for good.

Several of Mr. Croker's old friends in the Tammany organization have tried to interest him in the affairs of the organization, but he has persistently refused to respond to any such efforts.

Charles F. Murphy dined with Mr. Croker last night at Mr. Croker's home. It was learned that while they were together the former and present leader of Tammany did not discuss politics, except incidentally, and that the sole purpose of the dinner was to give an opportunity to the old leader of Tammany to give a farewell greeting to the new leader.

## SILAS B. BUTCHER HURT.

Prominent Brooklynite Is Knocked Down by a Cab and Slightly Injured.

Silas B. Butcher, president of the Hamilton Trust Company, was knocked down by a cab at Montague and Court streets, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon, and received a severe scalp wound. Mr. Butcher, who is 76 years old, was crossing the square to take a seventh avenue car home. The cab, which was in charge of James Harrison of 1479 Madison avenue, Manhattan, was on its way to Manhattan.

The horse struck Mr. Butcher, knocking him down, and his head struck one of the car tracks. He was taken to his office, where Dr. F. H. Birmingham of 182 Montague street dressed the wound. At the scene of the accident the cab was owned by Mrs. Mayer L. Bernheimer of 19 East Sixty-second street, Manhattan, whose husband is a cotton broker. After she ascertained that Mr. Butcher was not seriously injured and learned that he would not enter any complaint against the driver she continued to Manhattan.

Mr. Butcher is not only prominent in financial affairs, but also takes a leading part in Republican politics, and years ago was one of the leading Republicans of Kings county. He was able to go home unaccompanied.

## DEVERLY ALIHI FOR A CROOK.

The Ex-Chief Steps to the Front for Mr. Burke of the Rogues Gallery.

William S. Devery, who was once a chief of police, appeared at a hearing before Commissioner Shields yesterday, and the evidence tending to establish an alibi for a well known crookman, William C. alias "Ulie, Burke, who is wanted for a job done on the outskirts of Washington in December 1903. Burke, whose name and photograph appear frequently in police records, had been out of prison only a few months when the Washington job was pulled off.

Mr. Devery said that on the night of the burglary he saw Burke in Mr. Hayes's saloon, which is the headquarters of the W. S. Devery Association, at Twenty-eighth street and Eighth avenue. It was a Saturday night and the club had closed at midnight. One of the chief and five of his friends had gone over to Mr. Hayes's for a quiet hour or so.

"There was an old chap there, a tailor in the neighborhood of the city," said Devery, "who had a brannigan on. Also he had a cornucopia pipe and some of the boys were amusing themselves by loading the pipe with the brannigan and watching the man with the brannigan try to smoke it."

Burke was interested in the proceedings and Mr. Devery remembered his presence there. A few days later Mr. Devery saw a printed notice offering a reward for Burke's arrest. He communicated with the Washington authorities and told them that by no possibility could Burke have been connected with the crime.

"But I've got a long memory," said Devery, "and I've got a long memory, and when I heard the lad was in trouble I came all the way from Atlantic City to 'sal' him and get him out. I've got him and sent him up the river twice myself, but he's innocent of this crime, and has been trying to do right since he was released the last time."

The ex-chief's testimony was supported by five men who were his associates that night. The examination was not finished.

## BABY BURGLARS.

Youngsters Break Into a Candy Store and Girls Tell the Police Caught.

Francis Curran, 10 years old; Ray Johnson, 9 years old, and two other youngsters broke into Morris Silver's candy store, at 128 1/2 Montgomery street, Jersey City, 150 feet from police headquarters, last night and stole a dollar's worth of candy. The children were caught by one of the night guards who searched the padlock on the door. Two young girls, who saw the boys at work, asked what they were doing.

"Sh-sh!" was the reply. "We're burglars. Don't bother us and get a move on." The girl sleuths ran into the First precinct station and reported the burglary.

A policeman hurried to the store, but the burglars had escaped. Later he arrested Curran and Johnson as they were munching some of the stolen candy. Both confessed and told their companions were. Curran said he lived in a lodging house and never went to school. His mother is dead and his father doesn't take care of him. Johnson is the son of a saloon keeper.

Insist upon having Barnett's Vanilla.—Ad.

## FAST TRAIN TO CLEVELAND.

Leave New York 8:25 P. M. Arrive Cleveland 7:15 next morning. Cincinnati 1:30 P. M. Indianapolis 3:00 P. M. St. Louis 5:45 P. M. By New York Central. Fine service. No excess fare.—Ad.

Continued on Second Page.

## WINGED BY A HIP SING TONG.

OLD TOM LEE'S RIGHT HAND MAN SHOT DOWN IN THE STREET.

Victim Said to Have Had a Hand in the Attempt to Kill Mock Duck—Hip Sings Rejoice-Gloom Among Other Tonga-Would-Be Murderer Caught.

Chinatown was at its liveliest yesterday afternoon, hushed Celestials shuffling about, ragged children footing it to the music of a street piano, cute yellow babies out for a sunning with wrinkled old men, merchants grunting a singsong in their doorways, when the door of the On Leong Tong headquarters at 18 Mott street opened from the inside and an elderly Chinaman, with a fat, amiable face stepped out. He hesitated a moment or two before taking to the sidewalk, glancing quickly up and down the crowded street. Nobody paid any attention to him, apparently, save a round faced baby struggling with a red and white striped stick of candy.

The old Chinaman opened the door at 18 again, gabbled something over his shoulder to a dozen or more in the low front room, closed the door quickly and went up Mott street, walking rapidly with his hands crumpled under his blouse in his trousers pockets. He hadn't gone twenty steps when a head popped out of a dark hallway in 17, across the street. The head was followed by a long, lean body that dodged out of the house and slipped easily and naturally into a bunch of a half dozen or more Chinamen going his way. In front of 35 the tall Chinaman broke from the crowd and darted across the street.

At the same instant there was a shrill whistle from the doorway of the On Leong Tong hangout, and a dozen excited, shrieking Chinamen tumbled into the street.

The old Chinaman started toward the whistle just as the tall young Chinaman got across the street and about twenty feet behind him. As he twisted his head around, the young Chinaman jerked a revolver out of the folds of his blouse, threw it up to a level with the old man's head, shut his eyes and banged away. The heavy bullet ripped a deep furrow in the old man's scalp, and the water wasn't enough to down him. He whirled. There was another shot and down he went in a heap on the sidewalk.

At that moment, save for the bleeding old Chinaman on the ground and the younger one still holding the smoking pistol, Mott street was as quiet and serene as could be. There wasn't another yellow man to be seen anywhere. Even the On Leong Tong men that had rushed out the door, too late to save their own, had fled within and barred the door. But five seconds later a detective rushed out of Doyers street and made for the shooter. From the other side two patrolmen came from the Elizabeth street station. The tall Chinaman was caught between two fires and he never made a move to get away. As the detective rushed toward him on the run, covering him with a gun, he gave his pistol a quick toss that sent it twenty feet into the basement entrance of Soy Kee's store on the corner. Then he straightened up, jammed his hands in his pockets and faced the policemen as impassive as such a fellow would be.

Menshing collared him and ran him quickly to the Elizabeth street station, while Lange and Kretschman, the patrolmen, hammered on nearby doors in a vain effort to get yellow witnesses, who would swear by all their ancestors at the proper time that they had seen nothing, heard nothing and knew neither the shooter nor the man shot.

At the police station the Chinaman arrested, gabbled the story from the tongue of the police got out of him that he was 32 years old and that he was a laundryman at 36 Jackson street. Then he shut up, and not another word could they get out of him. He was looked up and charged with shooting with intent to kill.

The two patrolmen called an ambulance from the Hudson street hospital and Dr. Long took the wounded Chinaman there. It didn't take the hospital people long to get an idea of what the thing was all about. The wounded man was Lee Yu, 33 years old, right hand man of old Tom Lee, head of the On Leong Tong, and in his own right suspected of grave crimes and plots against the Hip Sing Tong. They found that he was badly hurt, a bullet hole in his head, another in his right chest, and a third in his left arm. He was taken to the hospital at 18 Mott street and by trade is a peaceful laundryman. He is healthy and can pull through, but the chance is an even one.

When the fuss was all over and Mott street had settled down a bit, the police got from their stool pigeons and interpreters something like a story of the shooting. Lee Yu is the first On Leong hanger-on by Hip Sing. He was the game they wanted more than opium. He is said to have had a hand in the attempted killing of Mock Duck that started assassination going merrily in Chinatown. When the Bowery was the battleground of the Tonga one Saturday night several months ago, old Lee Yu was in the forefront of it all, the police were told, although he was not caught at the time. A white man died of that fight, hit by a bullet intended for a gentleman of Hip Sing persuasion. Three weeks ago a fluted guard paid for the tune with his life. In that business Lee Yu was suspected very strongly by Hip Sing.

Therefore, the police were told, Hip Sing plotted the death of Lee Yu, justifying his plotted killing of old Tom Lee. The Tong selected a useful young man, Ong Fong, to do the job. The curious part of the business was that Ong Fong didn't make his gunplay at night, when there would seem to have been a better chance of bagging Lee Yu according to recognized custom. However, Hip Sing sent Ong Fong out just when the police were off duty, in shifting hours for ten minutes. He made his play at five minutes past 10 o'clock. If he had been a better shot Hip Sing would have scored a dead On Leong Tong man instead of a badly winged one.

But in their days of tribulation even small mercies are thankfully received by Hip Sing, and there were rejoicing and devout worship of Josses in Hip Sing houses last night. On Leong was depressed, and in the house of Tom Lee council was going on, the old man, with his white beard and red cap, thoughtfully presiding.

After all, USHER'S, the Scotch that makes the highball famous. It is the best.—Ad.

## THREE MONTHS IN ORANGELAND.

Last Tour to Florida, via Pennsylvania Railroad, for the present season, leaves New York February 25, 8:30 P. M. Arrive Cleveland 7:15 A. M. Through service. No extra fare. Other convenient trains. Tickets good until May 31. For full particulars inquire office, 1188 Broadway.—Ad.

## FLORIDA WEST COAST RESORTS.

Three daily high class trains via Seaboard Air Line. Excellent, quick and most attractive route. For resort booklet inquire office, 1188 Broadway.—Ad.

## LONG AGAINST LARGE NAVY.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Opposes President Roosevelt's Ideas.

Boston, Feb. 24.—Ex-Secretary of the Navy John D. Long in a speech before the New England Rubber Club here to-night put himself on record as opposed to President Roosevelt's ideas of building a large navy and also to the treaty with Santo Domingo. He said:

"I am one of those who do not, at this time, look with favor on a great increase in the navy. We need a larger army, because we can always improve an army. There is no danger that this country will ever be invaded. We need a navy for police duty, but it is not desirable to have it so large that we are tempted to seek employment for it, and we have now a very good navy as it is."

"There are now under construction twenty-four new armored cruisers and battleships so that we shall have thirty-five or thirty-six in a few years. This year we should construct only one or none at all. There are two reasons for not increasing the navy: First, there is danger of creating in the public mind a reaction of sentiment; second, it will be impossible to find sufficient men to man the boats adequately."

Referring to the treaty with Santo Domingo, Gov. Long said:

"I haven't a particle of sympathy with the Santo Domingo treaty. It would be establishing a bad precedent to ratify it. We should not put ourselves in the position of becoming responsible for the debts of every southern nation. It is a question if we should assume such a duty."

## DEATH IN SIMPSON TUNNEL.

Workmen Overcome When They Try to Inspect the Joining of the Borings.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

Boston, Feb. 24.—When the joining of the Simpson tunnel through the Alps was completed this morning the last charge in the tunnel was fired by an Italian named Redassu, who fired the first charge used in the work. The explosion was immediately followed by a rush of boiling water from the northern into the southern tunnel.

This had been foreseen, and the water was carried off by ingenious contrivances. The atmosphere, however, was so stifling that the workmen, who had gone to what they supposed was a safe distance, were nearly overcome. They waited until it was thought the air had sufficiently cooled and then advanced to inspect the piercing. They were too soon. Several of them fainted, and one died from paralysis of the heart.

Three engineers reached the breach and found the boiling water still gushing out. They were unable to stay for more than a few seconds. They hastily retreated and ordered the workmen out. All reached safety. Work has been temporarily suspended.

## \$30,000 WILL TROUBLE HER.

Washerwoman Who Inherits That Sum Doesn't Know What She'll Do With It.

Bridgetown, Conn., Feb. 24.—Through the death of an uncle, Mrs. Catherine C. Nicholson of 18 Harriet street, Mrs. Nicholson, who has earned a livelihood for many years as a washerwoman, heard to-day that she had fallen heir to \$30,000. The estate of William Wilcox, her uncle, has been resting in the probate court of Middletown for several months while a search was being made for Mrs. Nicholson, who had married the second time without the knowledge of her relatives.

Mrs. Nicholson's troubles over her suddenly acquired wealth have already begun. She says that she does not know what to do with so much money and fears that robbers will break into her house. She says that she always sympathized with people who had valuations that would attract robbers. Mrs. Nicholson is not a confidante of the safety of banks and is afraid that she would be swindled in real estate transactions, and has no use at all for lawyers.

## \$1,320 IN GIFT PICTURE.

Washerwoman Finds the Money and Returns It to an Estate—Other Finds.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Feb. 24.—Mrs. Sarah A. McKenzie, a widowed washerwoman residing here, to-day found \$1,320 in gold certificates in the back of a frame of pictures. The picture had been presented to Mrs. McKenzie by Mrs. Edward McKenna, an octogenarian widow, whose husband died a few days ago. On the day of his death \$3,700 was found behind two pictures at his home.

Mrs. McKenzie helped to nurse Mr. McKenna. Mrs. McKenzie, who has family five depending upon her, could have kept the find and no one would have been the wiser, but she promptly turned the money over to the McKenna executor. This led her to go to the McKenna home and further investigate. She found \$2,180 behind a picture of the "Guardian Angel," making \$7,100 in all and a miserly life, the general impression being that he was poverty-stricken. An attorney will press Mrs. McKenzie's claim for some reward. The McKennas had no children and no direct heirs.

## QUEER FIND ON QUEER FIND.

Man Gagged, Bound and Locked In Had Skeleton Keys and Letters Not His.

Mrs. Annie Montalino, who lives on the fourth floor of a tenement house at 234 East 106th street, found the door of a room opening on the hall and four locked last night and asked one of the men in the house to open it for her. In the closet lying on the floor was a man with his hands tied behind his back and a gag in his mouth. Before the man's hands were untied a policeman from the East 106th street police station was summoned.

To him the man said he was Theodore Frazer, 23 years old, a boy who dealt at 176 East 106th street. He told the police that he had gone into the house with a woman he had met on the street. In her room two men grabbed him. They took \$1,500 and then he was gagged and bound and locked in the room where he was found.

This story sounded so fishy to the cop that he took the young man to the station house. There Frazer was searched and the search brought forth a bunch of skeleton keys, a jimmy and a pair of piners. He also had four unopened letters addressed to Louis Levine at 234 East Ninety-eighth street. Mr. Levine was notified. He said the letters had been stolen from his letter box. Frazer was looked up as a suspicious person and the police are going to try and find out how he came to be bound and gagged.

## WOULDN'T SEE FIREMEN.

New Haven Directors Stick to Their Expressive Policy—Ready if a Strike Comes.

The officers of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen who have been coming from New Haven to New York almost daily for a week or more oblivious to the ultimatum of President Mellen of the New Haven railroad, made an unsuccessful attempt to see some of the directors at the Grand Central Station yesterday afternoon. They were refused by Chief Timothy Shea, vice-grand chief, and A. P. Kelly, chairman of the grievance committee of the brotherhood, were the officers who tried to see the New Haven directors. At the company's office they were told that the directors having already refused the demand that firemen be promoted to be engineers should be represented in negotiations by the firemen's brotherhood there could be no further communication between the brotherhood and President Mellen on the subject.

P. H. Morrissey, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, who proposes to have a similar grievance, was expected to confer with the firemen's officers here, but he did not come to New York. After his rebuff the committee went to New Haven.

To be ready for any trouble that may occur the company has the addresses of firemen who have been put through an examination and are ready to jump in and take vacant places as soon as a strike is declared. As the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will not strike in sympathy, the company is not alarmed over this situation.

## TELLS OF GIRL FORGERS' BAND.

CHARLOTTE MCCABE SAYS SHE SIGNED CHECKS THEY PASSED.

She's 15 and Had Vanished From Home—Father Met Her and Called Con-She Says Doctors Were the Chief Prey of 6 Young Women—2 Men Shared Booty.

Charlotte A. McCabe, a seventeen-year-old Bronx girl, according to the police has been doing the same stunts as Margaret Connolly, who Cassied the Astor National Bank. She was locked up last night in the Morrisania police station. The police say that during the past few weeks she has passed a hundred—perhaps forty or fifty—perhaps a hundred—of bad checks.

Miss McCabe lived with her father, Joseph, a clerk in the General Post Office, until about a year ago. Then she left home. Her father says that she is wayward. Nothing was heard of her until a few months ago, when she got employment as clerk for Dr. N. J. Deery, a veterinary surgeon at Seventy-second street and Park avenue. She left his employ about two months ago. Since then her father has been looking for her.

Last night McCabe met her daughter at 163d street and Third avenue. He promptly had her arrested. At the police station he told Sgt. McLaughlin that he thought she had been doing some things that weren't just right, so Detective Tompkins and he went to see what they could learn from the girl. They said last night that she had confessed to them that during the past few months she had forged and passed a large number of checks.

The girl, in her story, implicated five other girls and two young men, who, she said, secured the blank checks and the names she was to use. Some of the names that she forgot the detectives say, were those of R. A. Pitts, R. W. Stores and Dr. Deery. The girl couldn't remember any of the others.

Joseph McCabe, father of Charlotte, said, after his daughter was locked up, that he had received a great many letters from physicians who had employed his daughter, telling him that the girl was suspected of forging their names to checks. None of the forged checks, McCabe said, was for over \$50, and the lowest were for \$10.

Charlotte gave the police the names of the girls and the two young men with whom she said the spoils were divided. She said that the prime mover in the check scheme was a girl named Julia, who lived downtown on the East Side. According to Charlotte, Julia was at one time employed as cashier in a dry goods store in Fourteenth street, and it was there she discovered how easy it was to get checks cashed.

Charlotte says that she was Julia who first suggested to her that she be employed as a domestic by physicians long enough to find out where each employer kept his money. Julia supplied the check books and Charlotte says she had a great stock of them.

Julia, according to the girl under arrest, as the police report the confession, used to write out the checks and Charlotte herself would forge the signatures to them. Then the checks would be given to the other girls to get rid of. The money would be divided among the girls and the two young men who were in the scheme. It doesn't appear that the young men passed any of the checks.

All the plans were made, Charlotte is quoted by the police as saying, in a room the conspirators hired in Elizabeth street. There the girls and two young men met regularly. Julia is alleged to have got the lion's share of the money.

Charlotte gave up the names of all her alleged pals and told where they could be found. Detectives were looking for them to see how much truth there is in the story the girl prisoner tells.

Several doctors complained to the police that they have been bunced by bogus checks recently. In each case the person proved as cashier the check has been a woman. In several instances the woman with the check would call when a doctor was out. Then to his housekeeper or some other member of his family she would introduce herself as a patient who had come to pay a bill.

Several physicians' housekeepers volunteered to accept the money the woman wanted to pass. Then a woman would produce her check. In every case the check was for a larger amount than the alleged bill. The housekeepers almost without exception gave up the difference in cash.

Among recent victims of this check game have been:

Dr. Frederick Dearborn, 146 West Fifty-seventh street.

Dr. William Whittington Paige, Broadway and Fifty-seventh street.

Dr. Danlevy of 328 West Fifty-seventh street.

Miss B. Meade, 54 Sixth avenue.

Elizabeth Walster, a music teacher, of 924 Sixth avenue.

Dr. James Moran, 345 West Fifty-eighth street.

Dr. J. P. Henry, 329 West Fifty-eighth street.

## NO MORE BOUQUETS IN SENATE.

That Body Decides to Eliminate the Flood of Floral Gifts.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—Gorgeous bouquets and banks of flowers, for years one of the prominent features of the opening of Congress and of the inauguration ceremonies, will no longer till the Senate chamber with their sweet odors.

Senator Lodge this morning, from the Committee on Rules, offered a resolution doing away with the custom of placing flowers on Senators' desks, and it was agreed to.

## DIAMOND STRIKE IN RHODESIA.

Find of Precious Stones in a New South African District.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—A diamond field has been discovered in the neighborhood of Gwelo, southern Rhodesia. This is the first time that diamonds have been found in Rhodesia, and it was not supposed that they existed there.

## NO VERDICT IN BRADY DIVORCE.

Disagreement Expected When the Jury Reports on Monday.

The jury which has been hearing the suit for divorce brought by Mrs. Sadie V. Brady, granddaughter of Isaac M. Singer, of sewing machine fame, against Daniel M. Brady, president of the Brady Brass Company, went out to consider their verdict at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and did not reach an agreement. Four hours later, Justice Leveutritt directed them to return a sealed verdict, to be opened on Monday morning. Men about the court house who are considered "jury wise" were prophesying a disagreement.

## MURPHY NOT IN THIS FIGHT.

And Says He'll Keep Out of All District Fights While Leader of Tammany.

Thomas L. Reynolds, who intends making a fight at the coming primaries against James J. Martin for the Tammany leadership of the Twenty-seventh Assembly district, has permitted it to be made known by his friends in the district that he has the backing of Charles F. Murphy.

"I am not supporting Mr. Reynolds," Mr. Murphy said last night, "nor will I ever take any part in any district leadership fight. I intend to stick to that policy."

## WIDOW VISITS ASSASSIN.

Grand Duchess Asks Sergius's Murderer Why He Killed Her Husband.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.  
LONDON, Feb. 25.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily Mail says that Grand Duchess Elizabeth, accompanied by an aide, visited the assassin of Grand Duke Sergius in his cell at Moscow, and asked him why he had killed her husband.

The prisoner said he could not talk in the presence of a third person, whereupon the Grand Duchess directed the aide to leave them. Then she repeated her question, and the prisoner, answered: